

The State Journal

Official Paper of the City of Topeka.

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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GREATEST IN KANSAS.

AVERAGE DAILY CIRCULATION:

8,806

For the three full summer months of 1894 an increase of over fifty per cent in one year.

OUR PROOF.

The issue of the Topeka Daily State Journal for the three months, viz., from the 1st day of June, 1894, to the 31st day of August, 1894, inclusive, have been as follows:

DATE	JUNE	JULY	AUGUST
1	8,400	8,720	8,840
2	8,400	8,720	8,840
3	8,400	8,720	8,840
4	8,400	8,720	8,840
5	8,400	8,720	8,840
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8	8,400	8,720	8,840
9	8,400	8,720	8,840
10	8,400	8,720	8,840
11	8,400	8,720	8,840
12	8,400	8,720	8,840
13	8,400	8,720	8,840
14	8,400	8,720	8,840
15	8,400	8,720	8,840
16	8,400	8,720	8,840
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18	8,400	8,720	8,840
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24	8,400	8,720	8,840
25	8,400	8,720	8,840
26	8,400	8,720	8,840
27	8,400	8,720	8,840
28	8,400	8,720	8,840
29	8,400	8,720	8,840
30	8,400	8,720	8,840
31	8,400	8,720	8,840
TOTALS	259,500	261,172	261,596

*Sunday, no proof.
The total number of copies printed in the three months named above, 695,079, divided by 79, the number of issues, shows the average to be 8,806. This is a record for the Journal of the Topeka Daily State Journal for the three months in review.

(Signed) Frank P. MacLennan
Editor and Proprietor.

Sworn to and subscribed Sept. 11, 1894.
(Signed) J. M. GARDNER, JR.,
Clerk of the District Court,
Shawnee County, Kansas.

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Weather Indications.

CHICAGO, Dec. 31.—Forecast for Kansas: Fair tonight; Tuesday fair and slightly colder; northwest winds.

The man who drew an Arkansas City hotel in a lottery is very much in the condition of the man who obtained an elephant in the same way.

The Colorado state Farmers' Alliance at its recent meeting adopted the Omaha platform as its demands. They changed the construction but they asked for the same things.

The county officials at Stillwater, Oklahoma, are suspected of having burnt the court house to destroy the evidence of their peccadilloes. It would be hard on the country if the Oklahoma idea should become popular.

The Populist conference at St. Louis in a resolution referred to Judge Woods, who sentenced Delia to jail, as one "whose record is a stain upon the judiciary of the country." The Populists seem intent upon standing by the A. R. U. even if that organization did give them the cold shoulder at the last election.

ARKANSAS CITY is having much the sort of trouble with its water company that we are having. The company has got its affairs in such condition that nobody else could afford to take it and now snaps its fingers in the faces of the people. There is one way to deal with such corporations when all else fails and that is to condemn their property, have it appraised, pay them the appraisal and take it for the public use just the same as we obtained a court house site. Why should a corporation have any more privileges than an individual?

The Kansas City Star contains the following:

In the court of common pleas in Kansas City, Kan., yesterday, the judge dissolved the attachment recently placed upon the paraphernalia of a notorious lottery gambler, who immediately proceeded to resume business. The action of the court was based upon a technicality which defeated the intent of the law. This incident goes to show that Missouri has none the best of Kansas when it comes to protecting criminals upon technicalities, and it will only serve to increase the popular contempt for legislatures and courts of justice. There can be no respect for law among the people as long as it continues to be administered in the latest of the vicious classes.

It is rumored that if congress shall fail to pass a currency bill between now and the time of adjournment, the president will at once call an extra session of the new congress. Mr. Cleveland could do nothing that would redound more to his credit. When the people have spoken, why should they wait thirteen months for action? The constitution is very much in need of amending, to that the harm of a congress elected in November

HOLIDAYS IN ITALY.

HOW CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S ARE OBSERVED THERE.

All Go to the Cafes to Be Glad Together. The Songs, the Festivals and the Flowers—A Milanese Christmas—The Holy Child—Buoni Anguri.

(Special Correspondence.)

ROME, Dec. 19.—It is a great custom in Italy to spend the Sunday and holiday afternoons at the cafes and osterie in and about the city. The Italians are a sociable race. They seek companionship in their joys as well as their sorrows. All go to the public cafes to be glad and merry together. This well to do shopkeeper and his family, the workman in his holiday clothes, the laborer with his sunbrowned skin and his toll-hard-



ITALIAN TYPE.

ened hands, his clothes bespattered with mud; the peasant, the minut, with their women laden with jewelry and flaunting colors, all crowd about the tables of an osteria laughing, chatting, singing, joking, drinking. Perhaps a singer or dancer of local fame is dancing to the music of a mandolin, dancing with all the freedom and abandon of the happy Italian nature.

And while all are enjoying an hour of hilarious merriment, heightened by numerous drafts of the red head Italian wine or the rich yellow Marsala, a little dark eyed beggar maid, holding the hand of a blind fiddler, may be peering wistfully in, and with a little voice, like a moan of anguish, piping out:

Sta chitarola epp
I gode fa passio.
(While stands the little guitarist here
Serves his woe with a woe.)

A Season of Good Will.

During the annual festival that stirs the heart of all Christendom the shops are closed, and images of the Virgin in walks and niches and churches are crowned and bedecked with masses and garlands of flowers. Uniformed boys and liveried servants hurry about the streets with presents and tributes of affection in the form of the ever welcome flowers. The cafes are trimmed with palms, green vines and blooming plants. At each guest's plate is a pretty decorated card which serves as a gentle reminder that the offer of a lira or two would not be taken amiss by the waiter who has patiently served one through the year.

Even the beggar forgets to pose in his usually melancholy attitude and smiles in anticipation of a generous alms from the happy throng.

Occasionally bands of men called pifferari come down from the mountains, wander about the streets, and pausing before images of the Virgin, at street corners, under balconies, they play weird, sweet strains of music on their Arcadian pipes or pifferi. Their costume is old and picturesque, consisting of a sugar loaf hat, with red bands about it, blue jacket, goat skin breeches and sandals fixed to the feet with crossed leather thongs. The sugar loaf hats serve as contribution boxes for the pennies that are freely showered into them. For nine days previous to Christmas they wander about playing their curious, sweet melodies, and singing a melancholy tune, which is interrupted now and then by a chanted hymn to the Virgin. This is called the "Novena."

Troubadour Music.

I remember the first and only time I saw these fast disappearing relics of a long line of troubadours. I was strolling about one sunshiny Christmas morning when my attention was arrested by the sound of faint, melancholy music. I found my way into the narrow street whence it emanated and there beheld the pifferari. Their music entranced me. I followed them from street to street and house to house and only left them at last from pure physical exhaustion. After resting awhile I went out again to find them and listen to the music, the strains of which still linger in my memory, never to be forgotten. But they were gone, and although I spent several other Christmases in Italy I never again came across the pifferari.

There are sweetmeat stalls on almost every corner. They consist of a counter with steps lined with calico and fringed in front and at the sides with bright red cloth edged with a stripe of gold. On the counter and steps are all the toys and sweets necessary for a jolly Christmas. There are pangoli and panetone, yellow breads with raisins in, substitutes for plum pudding, nougat and torroni and all the sweetmeats appropriate to the season.

Well do I remember my first glimpse of the Milanese Christmas dainty—panetone. I was passing along a narrow street when, in glancing into a dirty courtyard, I saw hundreds of the large round loaves placed on the ground to rise, nothing except a thin board. People were passing in and out, hucksters and servants and dirty children, while several cats were amiably sunning themselves in a warm spot.

One of these selfsame loaves afterward found its way to our table, a gift from the baker. A little later, divided exactly in two, it furnished happiness in the families of the two little serv-

ants. Had I not seen its lowly origin I might have eaten it with relish, as I afterward learned that it is quite delicious.

It is the custom in many houses to erect presepe—scenes representing the nativity—the Holy Child, the ox and ass, whose breath is supposed to warm it; the Virgin, Joseph, the shepherds bringing presents, all represented by little clay figures. These presepe are a source of great pleasure to the children, and for months before they begin to save their pennies to buy the little clay figures. Sometimes the presepe are very elaborate affairs, but in the homes of the poor they more nearly resemble the actual occurrence of 2,000 years ago.

All Expect a Present.

Every one in Italy asks for and expects a Christmas present. Every one who has rendered the least and most insignificant service through the year appears on Christmas morning, doffs his cap and—waits. The telegraph boy who may have delivered one telegram, the postman, the registered letter man, the newsboy, the man who brings the coal, the one who empties the dust bin and, even the debt collector who has "called so often to have that little bill settled." Each servant, including the porters in the lodge, expects from 25 to 50 francs. One must have a full purse, give and give freely at Christmas time.

"Buona festa!" say the Italians, and "Merry Christmas!" say we.

Once on a time there was a goddess called Strena, who was the patroness of youth, health and strength. There was a temple dedicated to this goddess in Rome, and the gardens about the temple were filled with hygienic plants, more especially the verberna, which possesses extraordinary health giving properties. In every courtyard and every garden in Rome the verberna flourished. Outside and inside, houses were decorated with it. On the first day of the year the priests of Strena's temple were wont to distribute shoots and slips of this highly prized little plant to the people. Young men at tournaments who were victorious over their opponents received a verberna plant as a reward of valor. Great ceremony attended the distribution of the plant on New Year's day, and all who received it were said to have received a stranna—New Year's gift.

As Rome advanced in civilization the modest little stranna of verberna became transformed into flowers, fruit and cakes covered with gold leaf, toys, trinkets and jewels. And thus originated the custom of New Year's gifts.

Pay of Schoolmasters.

Occasionally in Italy today one sees on old castles or palaces large horns at each side of the principal entrance. Bulls' horns were placed in the halls and at the doors of their houses for passersby to fill with gifts on New Year's day—cloves for young girls, cakes for old people, birds and stuffed animals.

Schoolmasters in the olden time received no regular pay for their services, but each pupil was expected on the first day of the year to present them with a gold rod, in return for which they received a kiss.

Another Roman custom that survives today is to give a supper on New Year's eve. No lights or fires, however, are al-



NOODAY REST.

lowed, nor is any one permitted to speak until after the clock has sounded 12. Then suddenly the house is illuminated, the bells set ringing and the musical instruments played, while every one sings or shouts, "Envina!" After that the host and guests silently count any silver money they have about them. No gold is visible, for that brings bad luck.

"Buoni auguri!" salute the Italians, and "Happy New Year!" salute we.

ALICE MARBLE.

Care of the Hands.

Pretty nails on a well cared for hand are as distinctive of fine habits as white teeth and well groomed hair. For women who cannot afford the ministrations of a professional manicure the New York Sun suggests that one's finger nails be not only trimmed but polished every day, not so much for the fine brilliancy the chamols and powder give, but for the qualities of elasticity, color and healthful growth the process and powder encourage. Always after bathing the hands and when drying them the skin, so apt to grow upon the nail, should be gently pushed back, never scraped or cut. To whiten and clean from stains pure white vinegar is the best application. Lemon juice merely shrivels and yellows the surface, and only once a month it is good to wash one's hands in a bath of warm water and ammonia, for, used more frequently, the ammonia, that whitens the nails to a pretty pearl tint, also makes them painfully brittle. For shaping and trimming one's nails a pair of curved blade scissors that must never be put to any other use are best, their good offices to be followed by a careful leveling of the raw edges with sandpaper of a particular quality sold by the manicures.

Lamb Choppe Sauce.

Put a piece of butter into a frying pan, and when hot lay in the chops, rather highly seasoned with pepper and salt. Fry them until thoroughly done, but not too brown. Should gravy be required, pour off the greater part of the fat and then stir in half a tablespoonful of flour. Stir until the flour browns; then add a gill of broth or water, an ounce of fresh butter and the juice of half a lemon. Stir until the sauce becomes rather thick, pour over the chops and serve.



THEY LOST THE TRAIN.

Mr. Bittersweet Lectures His Wife and Wishes He Hadn't.

The young Bittersweets were going away on a visit, and after many vicissitudes they were in the street car on their way to the station.

"Now, Amelia," remarked her lord, "I hope you will learn a lesson in punctuality from all this. You nearly made us late by running up stairs again at the last moment."

"For the tickets which you had forgotten, dear."

"H'm. That was because you fancied you smelled gas and sent me to look for it in the vacant room where nobody had been for six weeks."

"Well, you said that some one might have been hidden there for days for all I knew, and they might. I have been so busy all week making my own dress, because I couldn't afford a dressmaker, that!"

"Well, well, keep to the subject, Amelia. Now, we would have missed our train if my watch had not been in order. Yours was at the jeweler's, as usual."

"Because you tried to regulate it, dear, and put it out of order."

"Always some excuse; but, as I say, punctuality is a great virtue. Now, I never miss a train and never sit at the station half an hour or so. You are habitually late. You should make a habit of winding and setting your watch at a certain hour each day, say when you go to bed."

"Yes, dear, I know, but sometimes I go to bed early, and sometimes I sit up very late for you."

"H'm! Here we are at the station. Wait a minute, my dear, while I buy a cigar. Now, you will see that I have allowed just time to get comfortably into the train. Just give me the tickets, will you?"

"Why, Chauncey, I—I must have forgotten and left them on the bureau where they were lying. I remembered some chocolate cream in the upper drawer, and I was afraid the mice!"

"And for the sake of a few chocolate creams we shall lose our train. You will never learn!"

"What train did you want?" queried the gatekeeper.

"The 3:30," snapped Mr. Bittersweet.

"Went ten minutes ago," was the cheery reply.

"But—but my watch says 3:28 now," faltered Mr. Bittersweet.

"Watch is slow. You should wind and set it at a car!"

But Mr. Bittersweet was out of hearing.—Chicago Tribune.

Domestic Felicity.

Mr. Riverside Parke—Yes, I admit I and my wife do have occasional little spats, but nobody is ever present. I make the children go out so they will not hear anything we say.

Mr. Murray Hill—I know now why your children are always on the street.—Texas Sittings.

Dishartening.

"These times," said Meandering Mike, "is the most discouraging I ever see."

"What's the matter?" asked Plodding Pete.

"Every place I stop an asks for work they offer me some."—Washington Star.

Keeping Him Away.

Dora—I made Mr. Hopper a necktie some time ago, and he hasn't called on me since.

Cora—He probably feels that if he came he would have to wear it.—Clothes and Furnisher.

A Marvel.

A Character—Is he good natured?

"Good natured! Why, I have known that man to speak kindly to his wife when she was removing a mustard plaster from his back!"—Tit-Bits.

No Danger.

Miss Pensee (virtuously)—Well, I should just like to see a man try to kiss me goodby at the gate, that's all!

Miss Sixteen (mischievously)—So should I.—Somerville Journal.

Independent.

Conductor—How old are you, little girl?

Little Girl—If the company doesn't object, I prefer to pay my fare and keep my own statistics.—Vogue.

A Great Find.

Great Scott, here is luck! A living picture just to fit my frame!—Truth.

A Hunter.

She (tauntingly)—You never kill anything when you go hunting.

He (indignantly)—Yes, I do too. I killed Jones' best dog the last time I went.—Detroit Free Press.

Explained.

Teacher—Now, Charlie, tell us what you know about Cresset?

Charlie—Dudes wear 'em in their pants.—Harlem Life.

Hard Times Snap

\$15,000

Worth of Boots and Shoes at the BOSTON SHOE COMPANY to be sold out at once. Look at our fine show windows.

Ladies' Fine French Kid Dongola Button Congress \$5.00 Shoes.

\$2.75.

Ladies' Fine French Kid, in hand turned and hand sewed \$4.00 Shoes.

\$2.50.

Ladies' Fine Cloth Top, in hand turned and hand sewed \$3.00 Shoes.

\$1.75.

Ladies' Fine Dongola Kid \$2.00 Shoes.

\$1.50.

Ladies' Fine Dongola Kid and Goat Shoes, 95 cents.

Misses' and Children's School Shoes, 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

Children's and Infant's shoes, 15 to 25 cents.

Misses' Rubbers, 15 cents.

Men's Fine Kangaroo and Cordovan \$6.00 Shoes.

\$3.50.

Men's Fine Patent Leather Razor Toe \$7.00 Shoes.

\$4.00.

Men's Dongola and French Calf \$3.00 Shoes, \$4.00.

Men's Fine Calf Shoes, heavy double sole for work shoes, worth \$3.00 and \$4.00, for \$2.00.

\$1.50.

Men's Self-Acting Sandals, fresh rubbers, 50 cents.

Men's Arctics, 85 cents.

Men's Fine Opera Slippers, 50 cents.

Call and see, as your price will be ours. Room we must have.

The Boston Shoe Co.

511 Kansas Ave.

All mail orders promptly attended to.

IN THE LAND OF CAKES.

Curious Customs and Myths of New Year's Day Still Prevail.

"Hogmanay," as the Scotch folk call their New Year's eve, is the greatest festival of the year in the "land o' cakes" and has many ancient and curious customs and superstitions connected with it. The origin of the name is uncertain, but it is generally conceded to have been derived from the French words "au gai mener" (lead to the merriment), in allusion to the ancient Druidical custom of eating the mistletoe from the oak on the night of the last day of the year. The sacred plant was brought by the priests into the towns and market places and given to the people as an amulet to preserve them from war and other calamities. While they had such a good old tongue as the Gaelic near at hand, it is not to be supposed that the pious Druids spoke to their votaries in the language of Johnny Crapaud. The intimate connection of Scotland and France during the middle ages will easily account for the introduction of the term "hogmanay."

The days about New Year's, which from the revelry and merriment that characterized them were called by the Scotch the "daff days," bear close resemblance to the "fetes des fous," which interfered so scandalously with the vigils in the French churches during the sixteenth century that they were finally put down by the bishop of Angers in 1598. During these "fetes des fous" bands of buggers clad in fantastic garbs broke into the churches on the eve of the New Year, and after singing their weird carols demanded alms of the worshippers.

The modern Scotch representatives of these obnoxious buggers were known as the "gairds" or "gyzars." These were harmless and entertaining maskers, who were generally admitted into the houses of the best families in the country, where, after singing their carols, they were permitted to dance with the members of the household.

Many assert that the hoghmen, or hill-men, were the good genii versus the trolls, or evil ones, who were the beings referred to; hence the ditty:

Hogmanay, Trollovey,
Give me o' your white bread,
I'll hae none o' your gray.

The white bread, signifying the good things of life, versus the gray, or evil ones. A very popular rhyme, with a moral, is one freely sung in the northeastern counties of Scotland:

Get up, guide wife, and hanna sweet (lax)
And daff your bread to them that are here,
For the time will come when ye'll be dead,
And then ye'll neither need ale nor bread.
My feet's cauld, my shoon's thin,
Gie me my cakes and let me rin.

Having chalked the doors with the New Year's numbers, they depart to gather coppers, cakes and fruit elsewhere.

At the stroke of midnight each member of the family party would quaff a full bumper of "hot pint" and wish the others a happy New Year and many of them. Then it was customary for the elders to sally forth with a hot kettle, bread and cheese, etc., and pay visits of greeting to the neighbors. The first party to enter a house were called the "first foot" and were warmly welcomed, as their arrival in that capacity indicated good luck. Much kindly rivalry ensued, and from midnight to 1 o'clock the streets were fairly awarming with would be "first footers." This custom was